

BEDFORD GAZETTE

VOLUME 115, No. 7.

BEDFORD, PA., FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 15, 1918

ESTABLISHED IN 1805

PEACE ON EARTH, GOOD WILL TOWARDS MEN

PERSONAL NOTES

Arrivals and Departures of Residents and Visitors

IN THE SOCIAL WORLD

The Column Everybody Reads—Chat About Your Friends and Neighbors—Here and There.

The rule for flour has been abandoned effective at once. Purchasers may buy wheat flour without substitutes and bakers may bake all white bread. John N. Minnich Federal Food administrator for Bedford County. Owing to the unorganized condition of many schools due to the epidemic and of the holding of County Institutes in some counties, the cattle and hog survey has been postponed without date.

W. C. Keyser of Schellsburg, sold 30 head of short horn cattle again to State College.

John W. Conrod of Pavia was in Bedford on legal business on last Saturday.

J. T. Hardinger of Cumberland Valley passed through Bedford last Tuesday on his way to Greensburg. He was moving Grant Leasure to that locality. Mr. Hardinger called at the Gazette office.

Frank Robinett, of Cumberland Valley was in Bedford on Tuesday and called at the Gazette office.

George A. Diehl, of Buena was in Bedford on Tuesday on business.

E. F. Over the Deleco Light man called at our office on business recently. Mr. Over is installing a number of plants.

E. A. Simons of Hopewell, was in Bedford on last Saturday.

Richard Morgart of Bedford Rt 4 was in Bedford transacting business last Saturday.

S. L. Knisely, Bedford 4 called at the Gazette office while in Bedford one day last week.

Mrs. Luke Kilcoin of Bedford paid us a visit last Saturday and advanced her subscription to 1919.

J. T. Poorman, of Schellsburg paid us a visit last week while he was in Bedford.

Messrs. D. H. and James A. Diehl of Mann's Choice were in Bedford last Saturday.

William Fetter, Bedford 1 was a caller at the Gazette office, last week.

A. J. Hershberger, of Point called on us and advanced his subscription to 1920. **Thanks.**

Squire Salkeld of Six Mile Run was in Bedford yesterday on business.

The various district Chairman of the United War Work Drive held a meeting in the Court House on Tuesday. In the evening a public meeting was held in the High School Auditorium. Addresses were made by soldiers boys and by Y. W. C. A. workers.

Mrs. Charles Nagler of West Pitt street bought Greenlands house on West Pitt street paying \$2000 for same.

M. S. Cobler of Bedford underwent a very successful operation for a growth on his neck at the Allegheny Hospital Pittsburgh last Thursday. Mrs. Cobler accompanied him to the hospital. Mr. Cobler is getting along fine and will be at home in a few days.

Owing to a case of influenza next door to church there will be no services at St James Lutheran church Pleasant Valley Sunday.

Rev. A. B. Miller—Pastor. Harvey Tew had his finger hurt at the quarry in the Narrows which necessitated an amputation.

Mr. Clarence N. Mardoff who is employed by the Penn. R. R. Co. Jersey City N. J. is visiting his parents Mr. and Mrs. George Mardoff for a few days.

M. H. Kramer, Esq. of Hyndman was in Bedford on Wednesday.

G. S. Kagarise, of Salemville was transacting business in Bedford yesterday.

G. B. Crissman, of Pittsburgh and family who have spent the past week in Bedford County among friends and relatives returned home yesterday. Mr. Crissman was hunting with Ross H. Lysinger and W. H. Beagle on Clear Ridge, at William Diehl's. They report a catch of 16 rabbits and plenty to eat at the hands of Mr. Diehl who is about as big as Tom Thumb.

Letters from France

And Elsewhere

Letter from Alton Diehl to Rev. Pugh of Friends Cove.

Dear Rev. Pugh:-

Walter gave me your letter to read a few days ago, and I appreciated it quite as much as if it had been my own, so will write a few lines myself in appreciation.

At present we are camping in a very nice place, and I am enjoying it fine. We are just out of easy shelling distance which adds to the pleasure of the place, not that a little shell fire doesn't make it interesting, but yet it is safer not to be too close. However one hears the rumble and roar all the time and gets very curious to know just what is doing and while its nice to get back for a rest and change, yet you get anxious to get back to the line and mix up in the show.

So far Walter and myself have come through without a scratch, and have been in some pretty warm places. But you know the old saying A miss is as good as a mile, so as long as they miss why we should worry.

We have been over a large part of France, and must say this country is worth fighting for. Its no wonder the Kaiser has been casting longing eyes this way for so long. I don't believe his dreams will ever come true, not as long as the Yanks are on this side.

The country looks very strange to one from the states, the villages are all built of stone, and some are very old. I was all through including the belfry of an old church said to be built in the twelfth century. There was nothing remarkable about it except its age.

One village I was in was a stopping place for the crusaders in one of the crusades and the church has a very old painting representing the Crusaders. The villages are very picturesque and nice, but for a real live American would be a very slow place to live. The large towns and cities are very much like our own only they don't have the push and hustle that characterize most American towns.

The means of farming are very primitive. Its rarely you see a binder, cradle and rakes are the implements used for harvesting grain. Oxen are used extensively for draft purposes, and when more than one horse is used they are hitched in front of each other in single file its a common sight to see three horses hitched in this manner, to a cart.

However with all their primitive methods they raise good crops and waste none in the harvesting even down to the last straw which is picked by hand.

What do you think by this time of the YANK as a fighter, he may have an equal but never a superior.

Hoping I may hear from you soon.

Very sincerely

Alton Diehl.

A letter from a New Paris boy to his wife.

Somewhere in France

Oct 1918

Dear Wife:-

I will again try to write to let you know that I am well I hope that these few lines will find you enjoying the same good health.

I am somewhere in France. Am having a pretty good time; but could enjoy life much better if I could be back home. I think I will get home before long I don't think the war can last long the way things look over here. They are surely going after the Hun's.

This is a nice country. The climate over here is about like the climate back home. The towns that I saw were real nice towns and everything is in first class condition. You should see how they build the houses. The house is on one end and the barn on the other—all under the same roof.

The vehicles are about one hundred years behind time. We don't see any buggies. The people go out driving in two wheeled carts. Bicycle riding is a great amusement. Everything is old-fashioned. They do all their hauling with carts drawn by one horse hitched in front of the other.

This country is torn up some but not half so badly as I expected to find it. The largest shell hole I have seen was about eight feet in diameter and four feet deep. There may be many larger ones that I have not

seen. The camps over here are not quite as convenient as they are back at home but they are good enough for any man and I can't complain. We are living in a real house at this time. There was not room in the camps so they put some of us in an empty house. We surely have a nice place.

We see lots of German prisoners around here. Some are very old looking and others are only boys. There surely is a lot of American boys in France but I have not seen any one yet that I knew.

We have lots of work to do and work hard but there are times that we have pleasure and we surely enjoy it. This is our motto: "Work while we work and play, while we play."

I will close at it is getting dark and the only light we have is when some one is smoking.

Hoping to hear from you soon.

Lovingly your husband

H. S. Oldham.

Letter to Daniel Bagley from his son William.

Somewhere in France

Dear Mother:-

I will write you a few lines to let you know I am well and hope you are all the same. I haven't heard from you for a good while but I guess I will before long. I haven't wrote to Viola for about a month I guess she thinks I am not going to write to her anymore. This is my second letter since I am in France and the other one was to you so it is up to me to write for a couple nights. I am going to write four letters tonight. It hasn't been very cold over here yet. It rained some today but has cleared off this evening, by the way it looks now I don't think we will be over here long the Germans are sure getting the worst of it. We have a big bunch of prisoners in this camp. I guess they are feeling pretty blue about this time. Well I guess I will close for this time, don't worry about me I am in the finest of health and in no danger. I like it better here than I did when I was in Camp in the states I wish I could talk this lingo. I guess if I stay here long enough I will be able to talk it some well I will say good-by for this time hoping to hear from you soon.

As ever your son,

Pvt (William H. Bagley,

Base Medical Storage, Base

Section No. 2, A. P. O. 705

A. E. .

AMERICAN RED CROSS

Recent Contribution and Member ships

CONTRIBUTIONS

Three pigs sold at Bedford County Fair, 10 3 18 \$52.50

Festival held at Rainsburg, 49.31

Community Festival held by Ladies of Colerain Township 44.50

Public collection taken at Bedford County Fair, 10 4 18 ... 36.36

Horse sold at Bedford County Fair, 10 4 18 14.50

Public collection taken at Bedford County Fair, 10 3 18 .. 13.59

Miscellaneous public donations Re

ceipts having been issued .. 10 25

S. E. Lee, Bedford Vegetables, etc sold at Bedford Fair 10 10 18 6 60

Fruit sold at Bedford County Fair 92

Potatoes sold by Mr. W. F. Biddle at Bedford County Fair 80

MEMBERSHIPS

Saxton, Pa 31.00

Queen, Pa 6.00

Bedford, Pa 2.00

Six Mile Run, Pa 2.00

Woodbury, Pa 1.00

Flintstone, Md 1.00

Altoona, Pa 1.00

Imler, Pa 1.00

Please take notice that the Annual meeting of the Bedford County Chapter of the American National Red Cross will be held on November 20th, 1918, at 8 o'clock P. M. of said day at Hyndman High School for the election of an Executive Committee or Board of Directors, consideration of and action upon reports, and transaction of such other business as may properly come before the Chapter. Each member of the Chapter is earnestly urged to be present.

W. H. SOLOMON
Executive Secretary

Mr. and Mrs. William H. Bridgeman received a message on Friday saying that their son John H. Bridgeman had been wounded and is now in a Red Cross Hospital in France.

Men who are to be examined Monday November 18, 1918.

Abram Baughman, Loysburg.

Birch Repligie Ober, New Enterprise

Harold H. Hammer New Paris

Marshall F. Weimer Clearville

Christian R. Byers Woodbury

Clarence Wertz Mann's Choice 1

Jacob Patterson Oliver Bedford 1

John Shonefelt Everett 1

Charles William Deneen Hyndman

Roy L. Roberts Flintstone Md. 1.

John Stover Imler Bedford 2.

John Zippala Six Mile Run

September Reg. 1918.

Mahlon E. Horton Bakers Summit

Howard T. Mickle New Paris 1.

Henry Edward Byers Six Mile Run

Homer Foster Cook Mann's Choice

Ross Arlington Waters Bedford 5.

Carl Dewey Snyder Clearville

John Melvin Clark Everett,

Howard Freeman Hite Cum'b Valley

Lawrence Dewey Swope Six Mile Run

Robert Chalmers Ford Langdonale

Calvin Bretts Twigg Everett 4.

Evan Vaughan Six Mile Run.

Samuel Frederick Miller Hyndman

Harvey Mills Chapman's Run.

Roy Joseph Mervine Bedford

Elmer Ellsworth Gates Reynoldsdale

Stephen T. Spargo Riddlesburg

John Irvin Myers Everett

Robert Burns McMullin Bedford

Bruce Gochour Imler 1.

Samuel Paul Cook Cessna 1

Lewis Miller Oaks Riddlesburg

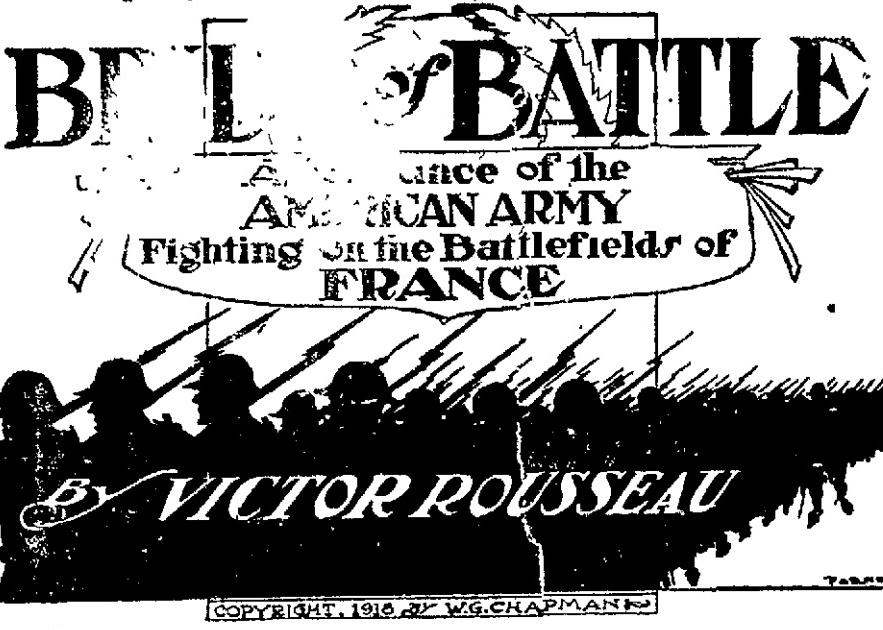
Joseph Elmer Burkely Osterburg 1

William A. Henderson Bedford

Josiah Stoye Bruner Mann's Choice

Charles F. Zembower Cum'b Valley

Albert Silas Wright Hopewell 2



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CHAPTER I.

Lieutenant Mark Wallace of the Seventeenth New York regiment came to an abrupt standstill. He was alone in the jungle, upon the blazing hillside before Santiago, in the month of June, 1898.

Through the branches of the trees the Mauser bullets still whizzed and whistled, and the prolonged screech of shells and distant shouting indicated that the battle, which had raged all day, had not yet reached its end. But within the short radius of Wallace's vision, nothing stirred, not even the palmetto boughs that rustled with the least breeze like the sound of the sea.

Wallace had only the most confused and incoherent knowledge of what was happening on that historic day. There had been an advance in the cool of the morning, if a brief respite from the oppressive heat could be called coolness in contrast. Then came the deployment along the base of the hills as the first shells began to fall, the advance in open order, in which the nicely inculcated teachings of the parade ground fell to pieces, the jumble of men, of companies, and, later, of regiments, pressing forward past the dead and stricken, the shouts, the rattle of machine guns and rifles. Batteries came galloping where they had no theoretical business to be, upsetting the junior officers' desperate attempts to preserve alignment; Red Cross men invaded the battle line to succor the wounded; commissariat mules, shaking off the lethargy which no amount of laboring had ever overcome, ran away with supplies and strewed embalmed beef over the hillside. In the midst of it all Wallace had rallied some men of his own troop and led them forward; he plunged into the patch of scrub-covered jungle, and found that he was alone.

In front of him was a small clearing, made by some Cuban squatter in the preceding year and abandoned after the reaping. It contained the ruins of a palm shack, and the furrows scraped by a primitive plow were only just discernible amid the rank growth that had sprung up. The lieutenant stopped and shouted, expecting to see his men come running through the trees.

But none appeared, and it was at this moment that the bullet that had been stamped with his name, according to the soldier's superstition, found him. He felt a smart blow on the shoulder, which knocked him backward. He stumbled, fell down, sat up again and discovered that his elbow was shattered. The arm hung helplessly at his side.

He managed to bind up the wound with his hand and teeth. There was not much pain, but a sort of physical languor, which made him reel giddily when he arose. There was burning thirst, too. It was extraordinary that a little thing like that should take the gait of a man. A little blood was running down his sleeve, but the wound seemed trivial.

Wallace leaned against the wall of the shack and waited for his men.

He shouted once or twice more, but nobody answered him, and the battle seemed to be drifting in another direction. Wallace imagined that his troop had advanced around the patch of scrub, in which case he was not likely to establish touch with them again till nightfall. He cursed his luck and started forward, but the trees began to reel around him; he clutched at the wall of the shack, missed it, and fell.

Then he realized that he was out of the fight. Yet, in spite of his intense disappointment, he knew that worse must have befallen him. He had fought through hours of the day—that was much; he was probably spared to lead his men again—and that was more. He had found and proved himself; and at twenty-one a young man, for all his self-confidence, is composed of fears and doubts as well. In spite of his soldier ancestors, Mark Wallace had not been sure that his capacity for leadership extended beyond the parade ground, and he had suffered from the young soldier's inevitable fear of fear.

So he resigned himself to his situation. He emptied his water bottle and, gripping the end of his gauze roll with his teeth, managed to bandage his wound sufficiently to stop the bleeding. The languor however, was increasing. Sometimes he would doze for a few moments, awaking with a start, to wonder where he was, and what had happened. The air was very still. The shouts had long since died away, the rifle firing was a distant crackling; the tremulous staccato tapping of the machine guns was like the roll of drums far away.

Wallace must have slept for a prolonged period, for when next he became conscious he started up to see, to his intense astonishment, a pretty little girl of three or four years, stand-

ing in front of him and looking at him. He rubbed his eyes, expecting her to disappear. But she was still there, and as he was beginning to piece together a Spanish phrase she spoke to him in English:

"I want my daddy."

Wallace reached out and drew the child toward him. "Where is your daddy?" he asked. "And who are you?"

"I'm Eleanor," she answered, "and won't you please find my daddy for me?"

She pointed with a grimy little hand toward the interior of the shack, and



"I Want My Daddy."

Wallace, struggling to his feet with a great effort, made his way inside.

It was almost dark in the hut, and Wallace could only make out with difficulty the form of a man who lay, face downward, upon the ground near the wall. Presently, however, as his eyes became more accustomed to the obscurity, he saw the bullet wound in the back of the head.

He looked up at the child, who stood by, unconcerned. "Go away, Eleanor," he said gently.

The child, too young to know anything of death, went out of the hut and began to play in the shaft of sunlight that filtered through the branches of the palms. Wallace searched the dead man's pockets. He found nothing, however, except a military pass, signed by General Linares of the Spanish forces, authorizing the bearer to pass through the lines; and, after a moment's reflection, he decided to leave it on the body.

So this man had been the child's father, and, apart from her speech, his coloring showed that he had been an American. Wallace concluded that he had been a plouter, trapped in Santiago. He raised the body in his arms and tried to turn it over, but let it fall when he saw the work that the bullet had made of the face. He must not let the little girl carry away anything of such memory as that!

He groped his way outside and beckoned to her. "What is your other name, Eleanor?" he asked.

The little girl only looked at him; it was evident that she did not understand the meaning of his question.

"Did your daddy live in Santiago?"

"My daddy has gone away. I want him," said the child, beginning to whimper.

Wallace tried her once more. "Where is your mamma?" he asked.

But she said nothing, and he sat down, propping himself against the shack. He drew the little girl down beside him.

"Now listen to me, Eleanor," he said. "Your daddy has gone away. He will be gone for a long time. You must be good and patient, and soon somebody will come to take care of you. Do you understand?"

The child's lip quivered, but she did not cry. She fixed her large gray eyes upon him.

"Who are you?" she asked, with the directness of childhood.

"My name is Mark."

"I like you, Mark. I will go with you till my daddy comes back."

"All right. Then sit down here beside me and play," muttered Wallace, wondering rather grimly what there was for her to play with.

The grubby little fingers were soon busy in the sandy soil. Wallace watched the child, wondering who she was, and how it had happened that the father had been forced to take her

said the doctor, suddenly injecting a hypodermic into Mark's arm.

"Not after that," said Mark, wincing. "Besides, I'm thinking of adopting her myself."

And he wondered what had made him say that when the thought had hardly reached his own consciousness.

The light began to fade. Wallace, half delirious now from pain and thirst, struggled to preserve his consciousness for the sake of the little girl. Sometimes he would emerge from a semi-stupor and look round for her anxiously; but he always found her, no great distance away, building sand castles out of the soft soil and chattering to herself as if she had already forgotten her sorrow.

When he aroused himself finally, it was to see the flash of a torch in his eyes. Faces which he recognized were looking into his own. There was Crawford, the senior lieutenant, who had graduated from West Point the year before, and Captain Kellerman; there was his own negro servant, Johnson, with a look of alarm on his ebony face; and near by were two men from the ambulance, carrying an empty stretcher.

Wallace moaned for water and the sense of the liquid in his throat, warm though it was, brought back consciousness with a rush.

"Well, we've got you," said Crawford cheerfully. "How are you feeling, old man?"

"Fine. Have we got Santiago?"

"Well, not exactly, but nearly. We've carried all the trenches, and we're waiting to get our big guns up. Arm huring you?"

"No," said Wallace, stifling a groan. "Say, Crawford, I suppose I was delirious, but I thought there was a kid here."

As he spoke he caught sight of Major Howard emerging from the shack, with the little girl in his arms, fast asleep. The major came up to him.

"How are you feeling, Wallace?" he asked. "Good! I didn't know you were a family man, though, till I saw this kid sleeping in your arms."

"You've been inside?" inquired the lieutenant, looking toward the shack.

The major's face grew very serious. He nodded.

"Her father," said Wallace.

"Come, get in with you!" answered Major Howard, curtly, indicating the ambulance. Mark, supported by the orderlies, who had placed the stretcher upon the ground, crawled in and lay down. He stretched out his arm toward the child. It was an unconscious action, but Major Howard noted it and, detaching the small arms from about his neck, he placed the little girl in the stretcher. The little head drooped upon the lieutenant's arm. As the ambulance men picked up their burden two soldiers came out of the hut, carrying something in a blanket. They carried it to the center of the clearing and set it down beside a hole which had already been dug.

"He carried a pass signed by Linares," said Wallace to the major.

Major Howard's eyes contracted into narrow slits. He nodded. "I have it," he answered.

"I wonder who he was?" said Wallace.

"We'll decide what to do with the kid after we get her back to camp," said the major curtly.

"See here, my boy, you don't really want that kid, do you?"

"I do. I'll think over your proposition, Major, of course, but my sister would give her a home and—"

"Let me send her to my wife. You can claim her after the war, if you want to. Suppose you got killed; we'd never lose her if we have her. If you don't let me take her I'll make you pay for it."

"How?"

"I'll order her a bath, under the sanitary code. And you'll have to give it. And scraped beef—our beef!"

"Get out, Major, and give me a chance to yell when my wound hurts. Listen! I tell you what I'm ready to do. I'll let the regiment adopt her, with myself as godfather."

CHAPTER II.

He stopped, astonished at the way the Major took his suggestion. Howard began to stutter, paced the inside of the tent for some moments, muttering to himself, and then swung round upon his heel, facing the lieutenant.

"Good God, no, Wallace! Whatever put that infernal idea into your head?" he exploded. "See here, now! You're not well enough to talk this thing over tonight. Some day I'll tell you why your proposal is impossible."

"That's all very well, Major. I don't know what you mean, but if you don't like my proposition you know what you can do. I'm quite well enough to listen to what's worrying you. Dig it out!"

"I haven't time, Wallace. There's these stragglers to be sorted out. Not that much can be done tonight, I suppose. Sometime I'll tell you."

He swung round on his heel and made for the entrance, stopped and returned.

"I suppose I'd better tell you now," he exclaimed. "I had thought it might be as well not to tell you ever. You don't happen to know who this child's father was—that man in the tent?"

"What do you mean, Major? Some settler caught by a bullet, I suppose."

"Hampton!" said Major Howard grimly.

Lieutenant Wallace sat bolt upright on the bed and stared at the other in amazement.

"The man who sold our mobilization plans to Spain?" he whispered, conscious of a sudden terror for the child.

The major nodded. "It's years since we worked together in the war office," he answered, "and, frankly, I didn't know the face. You wouldn't have, would you, after the work that the bullet had done? One of those

d—d d—dums. But—you didn't see this, did you?"

He took a phial from his pocket, opened it and shook out three gold pieces into his hand. "That was on a belt spot the body," he said. "And

about her school and her friends. She was very happy there and would regret not going back at the end of the holidays. However, Major and Mrs. Howard had only placed her there for a few months while they went on a visit to the West.

"I always feel that you are really my guardian evn if you did give me up to Major Howard," said Eleanor.

"But I have only lent you," said Mark. "I couldn't very well take care of you when I was sent to Texas. And it has always been understood that you belong to me—I mean, that I am your guardian, Eleanor."

"I know," she said. "And you write me such splendid letters, with such good advice in them."

"Watch you don't follow."

"Indeed I do," said the girl, eagerly. "Only sometimes it is just a little out of date, Uncle Mark."

"In what particular?" inquired Mark, beginning to feel a little like a pig in the presence of this self-possessed young person. It is so easy to assume the task of adviser from a distance, but difficult to retain the role face to face.

"Well, when you wrote me last year to remember not to be pert and forward, like modern children, Uncle Mark. Pertness comes at seven or eight. One isn't pert at twelve—at least, not in the way you meant. They call it ill-bred, then."

"I suppose I didn't realize how big you were getting," said Mark penitently. "But you can't think how glad I am to see you, anyway..."

"It's a shame sticking you for years out in that horrible desert," said the girl. "I wish, Uncle Mark, you hadn't stayed in the army after the war."

"Why, my dear?"

"Because then you could have gone into business in New York, like Captain Murray and Captain Crawford."

"I've been thinking about as much myself, Eleanor. But I guess the army got hold of me."

"But they haven't treated you rightly, Uncle Mark. They haven't promoted you for years, and they have jumped all sorts of officers over your head. Major Howard was saying so only before he left for Alaska. But, of course, he's out of favor, and he wouldn't have any influence, anyway. It's years since he was in the army."

"I suppose I'm a back number, my dear. Some of us have to be. Perhaps I'll get my chance. I'm not thirty yet, you know, and thirty isn't considered awfully old in the army. At least, it isn't the retiring age."

"Don't be so absurd, Uncle Mark! You don't look an old man at all. It was just that your photograph was taken so long ago, and I didn't reflect that you must have changed."

"And if ever another war comes I'm sure my experience will count for a lot. And I'll probably have command over Captain Murray and Captain Crawford if ever the National Guard is called on for serious work. And then you'll have your function as our mascot, you know."

He was surprised at the girl's sudden responsiveness to his words. She grew very serious.

"I've often thought about that, Uncle Mark," she answered.

"But, of course, it may never happen."

"I suppose not. But if ever it does I mean to try to be what you meant me to be when you made that condition to the major. How I wish—how I wish!"

"Yes, my dear?"

"That we knew who my father was. Sometimes I think he was only an American planter, perhaps, who lived in Cuba and was forced to flee when the war began. And then again I dream that he may have been a brave soldier who was trying to serve his country by going into the Spanish lines in disguise, and I hope that I may be worthy of him."

"You don't remember anything, Eleanor?"

"Eleanor. I'm sure I do—and yet I've thought so much about it that I'm not sure how much of it is memory and how much is just child's inventions. Perhaps I invented all of

Stared at the Other in Amazement.

there were some papers—not the ones we wanted, but enough to identify him. It was Hampton all right."

He went to the tent door and looked out. "Here, Johnson!" he called.

The negro servant appeared almost instantaneously within the opening and stood to attention.

"Could you use three gold pieces, Johnson?" inquired Major Howard.

"Well, suh, I don't know as I'd object," replied the negro, grinning.



Those Fall, Winter and Holiday stocks need INSURANCE PROTECTION—why not have us place the risks NOW in our strong company?

J. ROY CESSNA

BEDFORD
Route Five.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry C. Zimmers and two children were Sunday visitors at Cessna.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Imler and children and Miss Hazel Zimmers were at Pleasantville last Sunday.

Rev. G. W. Middsworth expects to hold communion at Messiah on Sunday November 24.

Mrs. Jeph Fetter is ill.

Mrs. J. H. Phillips and daughter Louise were the guests of Mrs. J. E. Reighard on Thursday.

The Misses Ruth and Bessie Holdbaum were at New Paris on Saturday.

Sewell W. Rouzer mail carrier of Bedford accompanied by his mother Mrs. Susan Rouzer, of New Paris and his sons, Lester Carl and Sewell Junior, spent Sunday with relatives here.

Mrs. Robert Slack and three children of Pittsburgh are guests of her parents Mr. and Mrs. Josiah Barron.

FISHTERTOWN

Mr. and Mrs. S. B. Way spent Sunday with friends at Spring Meadow.

The Misses Rebecca Blackburn Anne Blackburn and Venie Conley are spending some time in Bedford.

The churches and schools have opened here. No new cases of Flu among those that were sick are convalescing.

George Zeigler and family of East Freedom were calling on friends here Sunday.

Mrs. Joseph Penrose visited friends in Pleasantville last week.

Miss Minnie Bassett, Nellie Thomas, Mrs. S. B. Way and Mrs. Joseph Penrose visited at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Peter Bisel near New Paris recently.

Albert Hoover has been shipping quite a lot of apples from Fisherstown Station.

The Misses Minnie Bassett and Nellie Thomas who spent the month of October in Ohio have returned to this place.

Quite a number from this place attended the meeting in Bedford Monday night.

Some of the women and children of this place were patriotic enough to have a parade Monday night in this place.

SALEMVILLE

The Flu epidemic being conquered the schools and churches have once more opened their doors. There were no deaths in our community.

Mrs. Mary A. Golden made sale of her personal property and has gone to Altoona where she and her daughter, Mrs. Anna Hill will reside.

Our merchant Mr. G. S. Kagarise has sold his store to his son-in-law Mr. J. C. Ritter of Woodbury. Mr. Ritter will move here in early spring.

Mrs. Cleve Limbert spent several days recently with her mother Mrs. Mary A. Golden.

Miss Sue Rice who is teaching in Woodbury Twp. spent the week end with her mother.

When Luke Bowser was asked why he looked so happy he replied, "It's a girl and her name is Virgie Aldene."

Some of our young boys recently enjoyed a chicken supper. They paid very liberal for their chickens and all report they were fine but have been tickled ever since eating them.

Quite a cry of joy burst forth when the news came on Monday that the "WAR IS OVER." The schools were all closed at an early hour and people started out on parade. In the evening our band played several selections appropriate to the occasion and then went to our sister town New Enterprise and played for them.

Mr. Paul Fetter who spent several weeks at his home has returned to Philadelphia.

D. C. Detwiler who had been suffering quite a while with rheumatism is able to be about again.

THE HOLIDAY

By HELEN M. PATERSON.
(Copyright, 1918, by the McClure News-
paper Syndicate.)

"Thursday is a holiday," said pretty Edith Sawyer to the three girls who occupied all the space of her small bedroom. "Do stop your knitting, Ruth, for a few minutes, and let us plan what we will do. I want to enjoy every minute of the day."

"Of course we do," echoed dark-eyed Minnie. "Some of the boys we know will be home for the holiday. Won't it be fun to have a picnic party and spend the day at the beach?"

"But that isn't anything new," objected Hazel. "I spend most every Sunday at the beach. Let us go into the country."

"But this will be different, Hazel. We will all take a lunch and picnic. Then we can dance and swim and have lots more fun than we could going out into the country, where you can only gaze at a cow and get bitten by mosquitoes. Besides, I know the boys would much rather spend the day where they can dance and have some fun. Don't you think so, Ruth?" Minnie asked of a vivacious, curly-haired girl, busily working with knitting needles.

"If you will promise not to tell," said Ruth, mischievously, "I will impart to you my plans. I made them last week."

"Well, it's like this," said Ruth. "Being tired of the city, and all such amusements, I decided to spend the day in the country, looking at the cow, that Minnie said would be there. As I don't like to spend the day alone, I invited five very congenial people to go with me, so we are going to take a lunch, start early and spend the day in the most delightful place that I know of."

There were looks of consternation and amusement on all the girls' faces. They had always considered themselves Ruth's particular friends, and now to hear they had been slighted by their favorite for more congenial company made them somewhat chagrined.

"I didn't mean to offend you girls," hastily went on Ruth, "and I'm sure you won't be when I tell you my company will be Mrs. Morgan's five kids!"

"Mrs. Morgan's five children! Are you crazy, Ruth Sanborn, to spend your holiday taking care of babies?" asked Minnie.

"No, not quite crazy, Minnie," answered Ruth, laughing; "but, you see, I knew Mrs. Morgan wanted very much to see her youngest brother, who is at Camp —, so I just suggested to her that she and hubby should motor to the camp and I would take the children, including baby Robert, and spend the day in the country. She was so grateful that I wondered I hadn't thought of it before."

The astonished girls watched Ruth disappear through the open door, and then, when the door was closed, voiced their sentiments.

"I don't know what all her. She has been rather moony ever since the night she was rescued from the fire by that young man, and she doesn't even know his name or hasn't seen him since," commented Hazel.

"I guess she is dreaming of finding him some day," added Edith rather sarcastically.

Thursday dawned bright and clear, a regular July day, and eight o'clock found Ruth engaged in helping Mrs. Morgan dress the children, who were all excited at spending the day in the country with "Aunt Ruth," as they called her.

The place Ruth had chosen for the outing was all that she had described to the girls. The day passed quickly, and as soon as the long shadows began to appear the six happy picnickers, with the empty lunch basket, started for home. When they were in sight of the road Ruth was surprised to see a large automobile stop, evidently waiting for them.

The two older children hurried on ahead, and Ruth soon heard their cries of "Uncle Jack! Uncle Jack!" and saw them affectionately greeted by a large man in uniform. Her heart began to beat uncomfortably fast. Where had she seen him before? Instantly her thoughts flew back six months to a burning building and to a young man who had found her lost and groping her way in the smoke, led her carefully out and then, as soon as she was safe, disappeared. Like in a dream she heard little Mary say, "This is Uncle Jack. He came back with mamma and has come to take us home, Aunt Ruth."

"I suppose we are properly introduced," said Uncle Jack, smiling, and, as he took Ruth's proffered hand, "My little girl of the fire!" he exclaimed.

"And you are my knight, who disappeared so quickly I didn't even thank you," said Ruth.

"I had to," replied Jack, "but if you won't object I'll promise not to hurry away again."

Ruth did not object, as her blushing face told.

A Pose.

"Jibway's favorite remark is, 'What's doing in Wall street today?'"

"So it is," replied Mr. Twobble, in disgusted tones. "And it's nothing in the world but a silly affectation, intended to impress anyone who happens to overhear him."

"Is that really so?"

"Of course. Jibway never bought a share of stock in his life. For all Wall street means to him, he might just as well ask, 'How's the rajah of Cawnpore today?'—Birmingham Age-Herald."



Into the Valley of the Shadow

UNDER the candles or the village church the American wounded lie in close even rows. Straight down to the door they are packed together. Outside an ambulance arrives and deftly, quietly, the Soldiers of Cheer slip out to help the Army's litter-bearers lift out the wounded and carry them into the yard or the church or the school—wherever there is room.

The ambulance whirs off again along the shell-torn road, and still these messengers of friendliness pass in and out among the soldiers—holding cups of steaming chocolate to their lips, giving them lighted cigarettes, shifting their positions.

From one corner a boy's voice calls out:

"I got it pretty bad. Will you send home a message for me?"

A friendly face bends over him. He whispers his mother's name and her address. He asks that she be told where he was struck and how.

"Is there anything else?" asks the man above him. He hesitates a moment. Then, so softly that the older man can barely hear, he murmurs a girl's name, and dies.

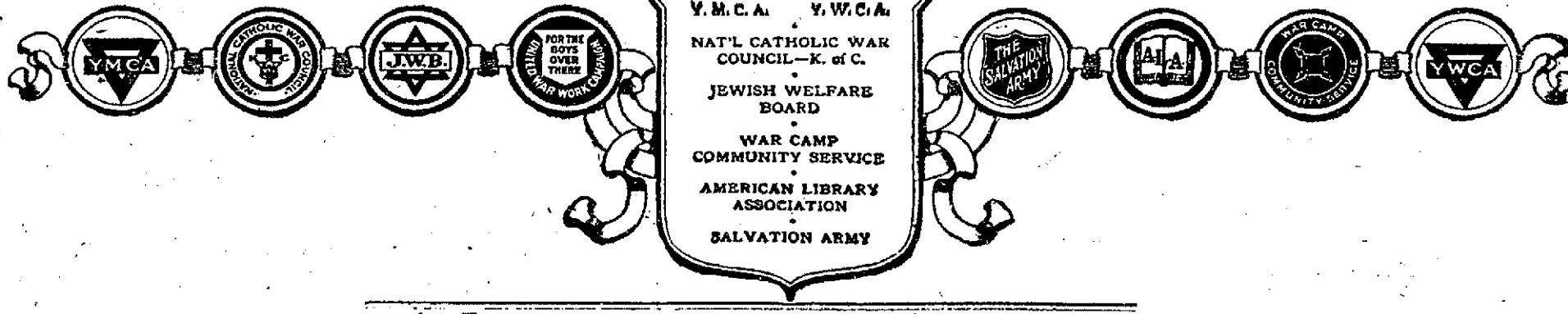
To be there when a wounded soldier needs them, is a privilege which comes to your representatives in the seven war work organizations. After every push, when the field hospitals are full to overflowing, there are calls for every available worker in the area.

They come from miles around, after their day's work is over at their own huts and canteens. And then through all the night they help the wounded fight their battles.

The grief of many a mother or a wife or sister here at home has been made easier by the letters which these men have written there beside the stretchers.

Keep the Soldiers of Cheer on the job—the 7,000 who are there already and the 1,000 a month for whom Pershing calls.

UNITED WAR WORK CAMPAIGN



Advertise in the Gazette



There are no better Cold Tablets
THAN OUR OWN
They Cure
Sent postpaid for twenty-five cents
Ed. D. Heckerman
The Druggist
Bedford, Pa.

WHEN NEURALGIA ATTACKS NERVES

Sloan's Liniment scatters the congestion and relieves pain

A little, applied without rubbing, will penetrate immediately and rest and soothe the nerves.

Sloan's Liniment is very effective in allaying external pains, strains, bruises, aches, stiff joints, sore muscles, lumbago, neuritis, sciatica, rheumatic twinges

Keep a big bottle always on hand for family use. Druggists everywhere.

Sloan's Liniment Kills Pain

ADMINISTRATORS' NOTICE

Estate of Lewis Benna, late of Harrison Township, Bedford County, Pa., Deceased.

Letters of administration on the above estate having been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted to the said estate are requested to make prompt payment, and those having claims to present the same without delay to

George W. Benna,
Tillman Benna,
Administrators.
Mann's Choice, Pa.

D. C. Reiley, Attorney.

Oct. 25, 6t

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE

Estate of Eliza Helsel, late of the Township of Bedford, County of Bedford and state of Pennsylvania, deceased.

Letters testamentary on the above estate having been granted to the undersigned, all persons having claims or demands against the estate of the said decedent will make known the same and all persons indebted to said decedent will make payment to me with out delay.

Arthur O. Hamilton,
Findlay, Ohio.

Wilbert H. Hamilton,
Saxton, Pa.
Administrators.

Alvin L. Little, Attorney.

Nov. 8-6t

PUBLIC SALE

On Friday November 15, 1918 at 1 o'clock sharp the Osterburg Creamery Company of Osterburg will offer the following personal and real estate for sale:

One piece of ground 200 x 200 feet, a one-story building 24 by 40 feet, containing therein a 10 H. P. Economic Horizontal Steel Boiler, 6 H. P. Horizontal Engine combined churn and Butterworker, 400 pound capacity cream ripener, and pasteurized starter can pumps, printer, office desk and chair, scales and other articles necessary in running an up-to date creamery. Terms made known one day of sale.

On Friday, November 21, 1918, at 12:30 sharp, C. P. Briner, of Cumberland Valley, 12 miles from Bedford, will sell gray horse, bay mare, colt, 2 years old, sucking colt, 3 milk cows, 4 head young cattle, fiddler, oats, corn, hay, binder, drill, plows, cultivators, land roller, mowing machine, hay rake, harrows, log sled, harness, manure spreader, corn planter, buggy, bay ladders, platform scales, wheelbarrow, 3 new hogsheads, carpenter tools and other articles too numerous to mention.

ARTHUR O. HAMILTON,
Findlay, Ohio.

WILBERT H. HAMILTON,
Saxton, Pa.
Administrators.

ALVIN L. LITTLE,
Attorney.

Nov. 8-6t

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ARTHUR O. HAMILTON,
Findlay, Ohio.

WILBERT H. HAMILTON,
Saxton, Pa.
Administrators.

ALVIN L. LITTLE,
Attorney.

Nov. 8-6t

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE

Estate of Valentine A. Stuft, late of King Township, Bedford County, Pa., Deceased.

Letters of administration on the above estate having been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted to the said estate are requested to make prompt payment, and those having claims to present the same without delay to

SARAH STUFFT,
Administrator.

Imler, Pa.

GEORGE POINTS, Attorney.

Nov. 8-6t

EXECUTORS' NOTICE

Estate of Eliza McElfish, late of Southampton township, Bedford County, Pa., deceased.

Letters testamentary on the above estate having been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted to the said estate are requested to make prompt payment, and those having claims to present the same without delay to

Russell C. McElfish,
Palmer D. McElfish

Executors.

Chaneysville, Pa.

B. F. Madore, Attorney

Oct. 11, 6t

CANDLES FROM HUMAN FAT

Among soap anomalies may be mentioned human-fat toilet soap, known over continental Europe the past century or more and indicated by some medicos as a superior emollient. This sounds callous but the art of soap making is not particularly noted for fine sentiment. The fat stock was obtained from cavers of hospital and morgue devictus and tried out like any other fat. Candles for special purposes have also been made from human fat—Scientific American.

ROBINSON CRUSOE'S WILL.

The "last will" of Alexander Selkirk,

the original of Robinson Crusoe, was

sold at auction in London for \$300.

The will begins: "Being now bound

out on a voyage to sea, and calling

to mind the perils and dangers of the

seas and other uncertainties of this

transitory life—"

HAD AN AIL.

A party of tourists were discussing the Darwinian theory, and one of them, turning to the guide said: "And what, my friend, do you think of the matter?" "Well, sir," said the guide, "you gentlemen may have come from apes. It's not for me to contradict you. But, as for me, I can say that my folks came from Wales."

JUST A LITTLE TOO MUCH.

Young Fiddle was a very learned

young man, and his friends were all

very disappointed, not to say surprised,

when he refused to accept the degree

of doctor of divinity. One of his col-

leagues tackled him on the subject.

"Ah, well," replied the learned young man, "it's enough to be named Fiddle,

without being Fiddle, D. D."

A SPIRITUAL RELATION.

True friendship is a spiritual rela-

tionship. God reveals himself to us in

many ways through our different

friends.—E. V. H.

LOST: Somewhere between Cumber-

land Md. and Bedford, Pa. Monday

night Nov. 11th one 31 x 4 non-

Kelly-Springfield tire. Finder com-

municate with H. R. B. Box 373

Johnstown, Pa. and receive reward.

It *

NEWSPAPER ARCHIVE®

HOGWALLOW NEWS

DUNK BOTTS, Regular Correspondent.

Some Where, Nov. 1918

George Morse, of Piney Creek, later that when hunting season comes in that men cannot always be trusted to performing their official duties.

Charlie Chamberlain says the hunting season is about to come to a close and that he has had the poorest luck and the mosquitos have been the worst in his career.

There is a very short harvest around Clearville. Those responsible for this shortage contend that it has been a very poor season. Jim Grubb says the European war was fought out too many times at the post office this summer.

George Smouse, Bedford R. I. says if his cow does not go to giving more milk he will have to cut her feed down again.

The Old Miser has decided to stay in Hogwallow, as he can live as cheap here as anywhere. He has gathered his winter's supply of hickory nuts and walnuts.

The Robinsonville Band does not show much improvement. It may be that Ben Hall can pat his foot just a little harder, but he seems a little more fatigued when they play a long piece.

The St. Clairsville Improvement Society has about run out of orders to give to our people for the improvement and betterment of the community. However, as but little has been done that they have ordered done, they can now go back and give the same orders over again.

The Tiger Valley school teacher in Londonderry township is a pretty wise old duck after all. When his pupils are about to overtake him in their studies, he turns them back so that he can get a new lead on

W. H. Beegle, of Everett, goes a great distance to sharpen his butchers knives. Mrs. Beegle will learn

them and in this way he keeps them thinking he is smarter than they.

The Hogwallow Postmaster says when he took the postoffice here back in the 90's it was a very delightful job but that they have kept adding on and adding on until it is almost unbearable; that the more a fellow does the more the fellows at Washington want you to do, and the commission on stamps remains the same.

Mrs. Carrie Nave's new fall hat seems to be a disappointment to the rest of the women of Centerville.

The Clearville Preacher's sermon on "Sin" Sunday was somewhat of a disappointment to his large congregation, as he did not mention the names of Lester Karns and Elias Mills, but instead hinted mighty strong at every one present.

All the men of Everett were called Tuesday to work on the street. They all gathered in and inspected the road and it was unanimously agreed to do nothing to it as it could not get any worse. They may try to get some kind of state or national aid in the matter of putting the street in shape.

A New Paris widow will try to get a nicer fall hat than the one bought by Miss Tulip.

Some kind of strange disease has broke out among Lloyd Ickes' dogs at Pavia. He may have to call for assistance.

If the war closed in time baseball will be reorganized at the Bedford Fair next season. It has already been decided that Ed. England will not be the catcher and John Dull, the pitcher any more.

PROTECTS YOUR CHICKENS
By DR. L. W. BOWERS.
Avoid crowds, coughs and cowards, but fear neither germs nor Germans! Keep the system in good order, take plenty of exercise in the fresh air and practice cleanliness. Remember a clean mouth, a clean skin, and clean bowels are a protecting armour against disease. To keep the liver and bowels regular and to carry away the poisons within, it is best to take a vegetable pill every other day, made up of May-apple, aloes, jalap, and sugar-coated, to be had at most drug stores, known as Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. If there is a sudden onset of what appears like a hard cold, one should go to bed, wrap warm, take a hot mustard foot-bath and drink copiously of hot lemonade. If pain develops in head or back, ask the druggist for Anuric (anti-uric) tablets. These will flush the bladder and kidneys and carry off poisonous germs. To control the pains and aches take one Anuric tablet every two hours, with frequent drinks of lemonade. The pneumonia appears in a most treacherous way, when the influenza victim is apparently recovering and anxious to leave his bed. In recovering from a bad attack of influenza or pneumonia the system should be built up with a good herbal tonic, such as Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, made without alcohol from the roots and barks of American forest trees, or his Ironite (iron tonic) tablets, which can be obtained at most drug stores, or send 10c. to Dr. Pierce's Invalids' Hotel, Buffalo, N. Y., for trial package.

In One's Own Sphere.
Not one of us would be happy if we assumed another's place. We are fitted only for our own little world, and it remains with us to make that tiny sphere what it ought to be. This we may do if we keep cheerful, do our best and think only wholesome thoughts. Otherwise we simply will not, no matter what we may eventually possess, be happy, and the quicker we acknowledge the truth of the assertion the better it will be for ourselves and for all concerned.

Annie M. Topper, Executrix.
B. F. Madore—Attorney.
Hyndman, Pa.

Nov. 8, 6th.

John Fletcher, of Bedford spent Wednesday night and Thursday at his old home.

The stork visited Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Morris Friday night and left them a baby boy.

Herman, Royal and Carl Barkman and George Ash caught a poor little fox last Saturday on Raccoon Ridge. This is the second one of these the hunters caught.

WOLFSBURG

Miss Flora Bechoefer from Everett is visiting at D. F. Smiths.

Mrs. A. B. Harper, Mrs. Frank Ickes, Mrs. Harve Amick, Mrs. Harry Shaffer and three children and Herschel Hershberger are ill with influenza.

Percy Middleton and wife from Bedford spent Friday at D. W. Wolf.

Mrs. Amos Diehl spent Thursday at the home of her brother W. H. Wolf in Bedford.

John Kennedy from Boswell spent Saturday with friends in this place.

John Wolf from Ellerslie Md. spent Saturday among friends in this place.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Claar from Claysburg, and Misses Effie and Zelma Berkheimer from Queen visited the home of Amos Diehl on Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Marcus Ritchey and daughter Velma and Murray Bennett migrated to Andy Wareham's in Snake Spring Valley Sunday.

Tom Clark was seen on the streets of Chaneysville Sunday evening.

Albert Morris was a business visitor in Everett on Saturday.

KELLOUGH'S
VEGETABLE
LIVER
CHOCOLATES

Trade Mark Applied for
40 Tablets, 35¢
Distributed by
The Liver Chocolate Co.
Centerville No. U. S. A.

Tone Up
YOUR STOMACH, LIVER AND BOWELS

By taking a harmless Vegetable Liver Chocolate each night before retiring. You will not only cause the bowels to move regularly every day, but will also derive the tonic effect that these little Liver Chocolates are guaranteed to produce. They do not gripe or nauseate, as does castor oil, salts, and other irritating cathartics. Due to the increased need to produce. They can be given TABLE LIVER CHOCOLATES, your druggists' stock may have been depleted, but fresh supplies have been rushed to him.

Guaranteed To Give Satisfaction Or Money Refunded By The Company.
For Sale Where All Medicines Are Sold, or Sent On Receipt of Price.

ALWAYS RELIABLE

Bedford Experiences Going Back For Six Years.

Kidney weakness can be cured. But what caused it once will cause it again. Here's a Bedford man who has had several attacks.

Several times in six years Mr. Weyant has used Doan's Kidney Pills. He says that Doan's have never failed him.

Six years ago Mr. Weyant publicly endorsed Doan's.

He now confirms his statement.

What better proof of merit?

Proved by years of experience.

This is convincing testimony.

Told by Bedford people.

W. H. Weyant, grocer, 243 W. Pitt St., says: "Doan's Kidney Pills aren't a new medicine to me. I have used them off and on for number of years and wouldn't be without them. I have to be on my feet a great deal and do a lot of heavy lifting and at times, this brings on backache, and other kidney ailments. A few doses of Doan's Kidney Pills always drive the attacks away."

OVER SIX YEARS LATER, Mr. Weyant said: "I still have a good word for Doan's Kidney Pills. I use them occasionally when I feel in need of a kidney medicine and they soon make me well."

60c. at all dealers. Foster-Milburn Co., Mifflin, Buffalo, N. Y.

HOW TO FIGHT SPANISH INFLUENZA

BY DR. L. W. BOWERS.

Avoid crowds, coughs and cowards, but fear neither germs nor Germans! Keep the system in good order, take plenty of exercise in the fresh air and practice cleanliness. Remember a clean mouth, a clean skin, and clean bowels are a protecting armour against disease.

To keep the liver and bowels regular and to carry away the poisons within, it is best to take a vegetable pill every other day, made up of May-apple, aloes, jalap, and sugar-coated, to be had at most drug stores, known as Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets.

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If pain develops in head or back, ask the druggist for Anuric (anti-uric) tablets. These will flush the bladder and kidneys and carry off poisonous germs.

To control the pains and aches take one Anuric tablet every two hours, with frequent drinks of lemonade.

The pneumonia appears in a most treacherous way, when the influenza victim is apparently recovering and anxious to leave his bed.

In recovering from a bad attack of influenza or pneumonia the system should be built up with a good herbal tonic, such as Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, made without alcohol from the roots and barks of American forest trees, or his Ironite (iron tonic) tablets, which can be obtained at most drug stores, or send 10c. to Dr. Pierce's Invalids' Hotel, Buffalo, N. Y., for trial package.

INGLESIMITH

Mr. and Mrs. John Shipway and five children are seriously ill with the influenza at this writing.

Mr. and Mrs. Ross Norris who have been visiting home folks have returned to their home in Pittsburgh.

Mrs. Alfred Imes, visited her Saturday and Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Goodrich and child are visiting Mr. and Mrs. Wilson Clingerman at present.

Mr. and Mrs. William Potts and daughter Rhea visited John Lawhead and family Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Clingerman and children, Mabel, and Homer visited Silas Bennett and family Sunday.

Misses Mary and Edith Breakall spent Saturday and Sunday with their grandmother Mrs. Savannah Smith.

Mr. John Koontz and family who have the influenza are slowly improving.

Mr. Coy Jay made a business trip to Everett Saturday.

Misses Edna Clingerman and June Jay and Mr. Lewis Koontz visited their friend Miss Ora Whitfield Sunday.

Mr. John Weicht has his new home about completed.

ANCIENTS PLAYED BALL.

Baseball "fans" will be interested to know that Egypt is the birthplace of the original ball game. How it was played history does not record.

Recent excavations made near Cairo have brought to light a number of small balls, some of leather and others of wood, dating back to at least 2000 B. C. These are the oldest balls of this sort known.

NATURAL QUESTION.

Allen heard his mother complain about the great number of lady bugs everywhere in the house. He watched them for a long time, then asked, "You call them 'she,' aren't there any gentlemen lady bugs?"

THE ONLY TIME.

"Some people," observed Colonel Beanling, "never stay at home except on election day, and then they're out all day."

KEEP OUT THE DUST.

Have window shades that will run up and down over your pantry shelves and a lot of dust will be saved.

POULTRY FACTS.

GOOD HANDLING SAVES EGGS

Big Loss Can Be Prevented If Producer and Country Merchant Take Precautions.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture)

Not long ago four men worked half a day grading "current receipts" of eggs as they were received at a city market. They candled out one hundred dollars worth of rots, spots, and incubated eggs. This loss could so easily have been prevented if only the producer and the country merchant had handled the eggs promptly.

The hen lays a fresh egg; the consumer demands a fresh egg. Eggs are a highly perishable product, and gradually deteriorate with age. Heat is their enemy; cold is their friend. The shorter the time and the more direct their route from nest to packing house, the smaller the opportunity for loss.

The proper handling of eggs is not a one-man job. Many people are concerned in it. Their interests are common, and mutual understanding and co-operation between them benefit all alike.

The farmer's part in the general scheme of good marketing is to bring good eggs to market. To accomplish this, he should market his eggs frequently, not let them accumulate.

The dealer's job is to keep the eggs good. His slogan should be "ship promptly and properly." The sooner an egg is put under refrigeration and started for the market, the better its quality when it reaches its final destination, and the higher its value.

KEEPING CHICKENS IN TOWN

One of Best Ways for Loyal American to Help Win War Is to Raise Hens in Back Yard.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture)

Every true American is asking, "How can I best do my part to help win the war?" One of the means to this end is to set the back yard to work. Those who have suitable land are cultivating vegetable gardens to help increase the food supply. There are however, many back yards not suitable for the making of a garden which may be profitably utilized for back yard poultry keeping. In every household, no matter how economical the housewife, there is a certain amount of table scraps and kitchen waste which has feeding value, but which, if not fed, finds its way into the garbage pail. Poultry is the only class of domestic animals which is suitable for converting this waste material, right where it is produced in the city, into wholesome and nutritious food in the form of eggs and poultry meat. A small number of chickens can be kept in almost any back yard.

Roy Figard and wife of Finleyville visited at the home of his sister Mrs. Mike Goworty on Sunday.

Mr. Wilbert E. Barton of Round Knob visited at the home of her brother Cal Foster of Coaldale on last Tuesday.

Those who visited at the home of Wade H. Figard on Sunday were Mr. and Mrs. John Mosby and son Clarence, Ben Black and daughter of Broad Top city, Frank Winter and wife, Albert S. Figard and son John John Hockensmith, John Hawkins, Reuben Thomas and Calvin Foster.

The stork visited at the home of Calvin Foster and left there a big soldier boy. Cal is wearing some smile now it takes both sides of the side-walk for him.

Mrs. Raymond Figard and Mrs. Silas Thomas visited at the home of Reuben Thomas on Tuesday.

Mrs. Norman Foer visited her sister Mrs. Chester Dixon on last Thursday.

Roy Figard and wife of Finleyville visited at the home of his sister Mrs. Mike Goworty on Sunday.

If poultry houses are not available, hens can be housed at small expense in



Cheaply-Constructed Poultry House, Made of Piano Box.

piano boxes or other large packing cases. Their eggs should make a substantial addition to the family food supply. Each hen in her pullet year should produce ten dozen eggs. The average size of the back yard flock should be at least ten hens. Thus each flock would produce in a year 100 dozen eggs, which at the conservative value of 25 cents a dozen would be worth \$25. By keeping a back yard poultry flock the family would not only help in reducing the cost of living, but would have eggs of a quality and freshness which are often difficult to obtain.

Poultry keeping, although a comparatively simple undertaking, will be successful in direct proportion to the study and labor which are expended upon it. There is an abundance of good material on the subject, but "Back Yard Poultry Keeping" (Farmers' Bulletin 889), a recent publication of the United States department of agriculture, contains all the general directions needed to make a start. It tells how to overcome the objections to keeping poultry in the city, what kinds of fowls to keep, the size of the flock computed according to the size of the back yard, gives definite instructions as to the best kinds of chicken houses to build, with bill of materials for same, directions as to feeding the fowls, hatching and raising chicks, prevention of diseases and pests, and many other matters essential to the success of the undertaking. Another helpful bulletin of a general character is "Hints to Poultry Raisers" (Farmers' Bulletin 528). This gives a great deal of useful and authoritative information within a very small compass.

CURE SCRATCHES IN HORSES

Trouble is Caused by Mud, Wet or Filth—Clean Affected Part and Apply Poultice.

Scratches in horses are caused by mud, wet or filth. Clean the affected part, clip the hair close to the skin and put on a bread and milk poultice for 12 hours. A second poultice applied for another 12 hours will do no harm. Then wash the skin, wipe it dry and remove all scabs. Paint the cracks with tincture of iodine for three days,

Wanted, For Sale,**Rent, Etc.,**

RATES—One cent per word for each insertion. No advertisement accepted for less than 15 cents.

Men Wanted—Laborers, Carpenter Helpers, Mechanic Helpers, Firemen, Trackmen, Stock Unloaders, Coke Oven Men and other help. Good wages at steady employment. Apply to Colonial Iron Co., Riddlesburg, Pa. April 28, tf.

WM. COOK & SONS
say we are pleased to state we consider RAT SNAP is without doubt the finest rat and mouse exterminator we have ever used. It does all you claim and more too. Four sizes, 25c, 50c, \$1.00 and \$2.00.

Sold by Metzgar Hardware Co.

WANTED—TO work a good farm for share. Can give references. Address Farmer, Gazette Office.

CHICHESTER'S PILLS
THE DIAMOND BRAND.
Ladies! Ask your Druggist for
Chichester's Pills. They are Gold metallic
pills, coated with Blue Ribbon.
Take no other. CHICHESTER'S
DIAMOND BRAND PILLS, for 25
years known as Best, Safest, Always Reliable.
SOLD BY DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE

FOR SALE: Two good brood sows and thirty pigs. One good mare, seven years old, weight 1500 lbs. 100,000 feet of saw timber.

Write or call
George Ash, Clearville, Rt. 1
Oct. 25 21

FOR RENT:—Eight room house, Steam heat and bath. Richard St. Possession Nov. 1st. Apply Myrtle A. Fisher 204 Allegheny St. Cumb land Md.

FOR SALE:—Having to move in to a smaller stable must reduce stock. If you want anything in the line of single or double driving harness, work harness, farming utensils, two horse wagons, buggies, surreys, spring wagons, horses or Ford cars you will find bargains at Stivers' Stables.

Oct. 11, 4t.

WANTED—Sales Man or Lady to take up an established Tea and Coffee route at Bedford and vicinity. A good proposition to the right party. Address at once

Grand Union Tea Co.
11—N.—Mechanic St.
Cumberland Md.

Oct. 11, 3t²

THE METZGER HARDWARE CO. has just received a shipment of Majestic ranges—also a full line of heating stoves. Call in and look over their line before purchasing elsewhere.

FOR SALE: Reg. Jersey Bull One month old. 'Tormentor' breeding Pine low. Miller farms, Everett, Pa. Nov. 15, 1t

NOTICE TO HUNTERS.
All hunters are hereby notified that they are forbidden by me to hunt on my land and any one caught doing so will be dealt with according to law.

Adam F. Diehl,
Bedford, Rt. 2.

ESTRAY NOTICE.
A red spotted calf about eight months old came to my premises about three months ago. Owner may have same by proving property and paying for keeping and advertising. Duncan Cessna, Cumberland Valley, Nov. 15, 3t.

WE BUY OLD FALSE TEETH.
We pay from \$2.00 to \$35.00 per set (broken or not). We also pay actual value for diamonds, old Gold, Silver and Bridges work. Send at once by parcel post and receive cash by return mail. Will return your goods if our price is unsatisfactory. Mazer's Tooth Specialty, Philadelphia Dept. X, 2007 So. 5th St.
10-4-1t.

WANTED:—Institute boarders. Heated rooms and bath. Apply 245 East Pitt Street.

Nov. 15, 2t.

FOR SALE: Three 6 foot show cases see John R. Dull,
Bedford, Pa.

Nov. 8, 2t*

Monkey's Valuable Discovery.
A literary discovery has just been made at the monastery of Mekitaristana in the island of St. Lazarus, at Venice. A pet monkey had climbed to the top of a bookcase, where it seized hold of a bundle of papers and, breaking the string, showered down a number of letters, the ink of which had become yellow with age. They proved to be a long correspondence between Lord Byron and the monks of St. Lazarus, with whom he had once resided.

What Do You Think Is My Share?

BY BRUCE BARTON

He is a conscientious gentleman, who honestly wants to do right. And he came to me shaking his head.

"I want to do my full part in this United War Work Campaign," he said. "Do you think a hundred dollars is my share?"

And I told him that it would be hard for anyone but himself to decide. "There are so many different ways of looking at money," I said.

A hundred and seventy millions looks big at first glance. It is forty times what Jefferson gave for the Louisiana territory.

It's a dollar and seventy cents for every man, woman and child in the land; it's more than eight dollars and a half for every household.

"You can figure it on that basis," I told him. "On the basis of dollars and cents. Or you can figure it on the basis of boys."

"Of boys?" he questioned. "I do not understand."

It's less than fifteen cents a day for each of our soldiers and sailors," I answered. "Fifteen cents a day to give them warmth and comfort and entertainment, and lectures, and games, and the thought of mother and of God."

"Fifteen cents a day for a boy: two for a quarter a day. How many boys will you take?"

And his eyes kindled. "I think I could take ten at least," he said. He drew his check book out.

"Figure it out and tell me the price," he said. "I want you to give them the best you've got. What is it going to cost?"

"—for ten boys, for a year, at two for a quarter a day?"

So I figured it out for him: suppose you figure it out for yourself.

Contributed By

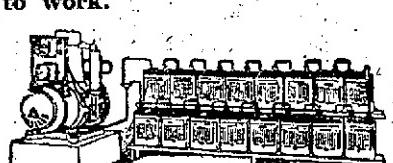
JOHN R. DULL, Druggist
BEDFORD, PENNSYLVANIA

That very good Pepper Pop I got at Hecker- man's Drug Store, it beats the band.

DELCO-LIGHT

The complete Electric Light and Power Plant

Now is the time to instal a DELCO-LIGHTING SYSTEM before the long winter evenings. Makes the farm a better and more desirable place to live and to work.



Sold by
E. F. OVER,
Bedford, Pa.



Get the Genuine and Avoid Waste

MORGAN'S SAPOLIO

SCOURING SOAP

Economy in Every Cake

Illustration of a soap bar.

Illustration of a soap bar.